This Day in Our History.

THIS day is the anniversary of the first Presidential election in the United States, when George Washington was unanimously chosen, in 1798, our first President. He took the oath of office on April 30, 1789, in New York City, where the Congress was then sitting.

LITTLE

BOBBIE'S PA

By William F. Kirk.

I see a artikel here, sed Ma, wich

says that the good peepul of New York are seting a lot of horse meet

That is a good way to fix it for seting, and Pu. If I set any horse meet I wud like to have it cooked Una-wairs. It is nicer that way,

It cays here that peopul git

strong & heithy on horse meet, sed

Ma. That stands to reeson, too, Ma sed. A horse is a pourful animile, Ma sed, & if peopul eat it thay

will git pour-ful too. That is good

It is sed Pa. I rescalt one time, sed Pa, wen I was a lajun fiter on

the grate plains of the S. W. desserts, sed Pa. We was cut off from

all meat markets for quite sum

spell sed Pa. A me & my brain

pards ate horse meet for two (3)

weeks. By that time, sed Pa, we got so fast we gallowed away from

the Injune. I reemember the halr

on my neck grew after that, sed

How thrilling, sed Ma. I suppose

that is how you started having ruff

neck friends, sed Ma. Well, Ma sed,

I am heartly in favor of horse flesh If it will help our guvernment to

win this here war in wich we are

in, sed Ma. The horse has always

been the frend of Man, Ma sed, & I

suppose it will maik the deer horses

happy to know that wen they are

thru hauling drays thay can be

cooked into potpies for us mortals,

Yes indeed, sad Pa. I recall an-

logick, isent it? sed Ma.

Pa, like a mane.

Ma sed.

Un-awairs, sed Ma.

Pa sed.

was reeding the Sunday

palper out loud last nite to Pa & L Me and Pa had to

Waists That Make the Eye Grow Fonder

Republished by Special Arrangement With Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Magazine of the Home



IF you wish to present a calm though ruffled appearance you can do it by wearing this waist with perky picot edged ruffles wherever there is any excuse. It is exceptionally well made and is of fine white batiste.

WAR or not, France sends us a few waists, and here is one of white batiste, made by hand as none but French fingers make such things, and designed with a collar into revers. Plaited batiste forms the frills that

THE "something different" walst is a real find in the middie of the season, and here it is of white voile with a collar of Madeira embroidery which gives it distinction and

DRACULA,

By BRAM STOKER.

THE VAMPIRE

ing Galatz at 1 o'clock today."

any of us as might have, been ex-

True, we did not know whence, or how, or when, the bolt would come, but I think we all expected that some-thing strange would happen. The de-lay of arrival at Varna made us individually satisfied that things would not be just as we had expected; only waited to learn where the

None the less, however, was it a surprise. I suppose that nature works on such a hopeful basis that we believe against ourselves that things will be as they ought to be, not as we should know that they will be. Transcendentalism is a beacon to the angels, even if it be a will-o the wisp to man

MUST MAKE THE BEST OF BAD TURN OF FORTUNE

It was an odd experience, and we all took it differently. Van Heising valend his hands over his head for a moment, as though in remonstrance with the Aimighty; but he said John, but only in part. I want to not a wors, and in a few sectell you something. And oh, my onds stood up with his face friend, I am taking a great-a tersternly set. Lord Godalming grew rible-risk; but I believe it is right. very pale, and eat breathing heavily. In the moment when Madam Mina

was myself half stunned and said those words that arrest both looked in wonder at one after anoth- our understanding, an inspiration er. Quincey Morris tightened his came to me. In the trance of three belt with that quick movement which days ago the Count sent her his I knew so well; in our old wandering spirit to read her mind, or more like days it meant "action." Mrs. Harker he took her to see him in his earthgrew ghastly white, so that the scar box in the ship with water rushing, on her forehead seemed to burn, but just as it go free at rise and set of she folded her hands meekly and sun. looked up in prayer. Harker smiled "He learn then that we are here actually smiled—the dark bitter for she have more to tell in her open but at the same time his action belied his words, for his hands instinc- than he, shut, as he is, iff his coffinlively sought the hilt of the great box. New he make his most effort kukri knife and rested there. "When does the next train start for Galatz?" said Van Helsing to us generally.

"At 6.20 temporrow morning." We

does the next train start for Galatz."

said Van Helsing to us generally.

"At 6:30 tomorrow morning!" We sil stared, for the answer came from Mrs. Harker.

"How on earth do you know?" said Art.

"You forget—or perhaps you do not know, though Jonathan does and so does Dr. Van Helsing—that I am the train flend. At home in Exeter I always used to make up the time tables, so as to be helpful to my flusband. I found it so useful sometimes, that I always make a study of the timetables now! I knew that if anything were to take us to Castic Dracula we should go by Galatz, or at any rate through Bucharest, so I searned the times very carefully. Unhappily there are not many to leaves as I say."

"Wonderful woman!" murmured the "Wonderful woman!" murmured the Count give her and which he may the count give her and which her and the can do, out of his own power, that so she cut her off the can do, out of his own power, that so she cut her of her and the can do, out of his own power, that so she cut her of her and the can do, out of his own power, that so she cut her and so do to her and so do to her and so do the can do, out of his own power, that so she cut her and so out of his own power, that so she cut her and, out of his own power, that so she cut her and, out of his own power

Wonderful woman," murmured the "Can't we get a special?" maked Lord Godalming.

VAN RELSING DELEGATES TO EACH MAN A TASKS.

Van Helsing shook his head: "I fear a special, it would probably not arrive as soon as our regular train, good God. Silence! here she comes. Moreover, we have something to pre-

go in the morning.

"De you, friend Jonathan, go to the agent of the ship and get from him letters to the agent in Galatz, with authority to make search the

DID not like that lethargy of ship just as it was here. Morris Madam Mina's. Souls and Quincey, you see the vice consul, and memories can do strange things during trance."

I was about to ask him more, but Harker just then came in, and he held up a warning hand. We must try tonight at sunset to make her speak with Madam Mina and me, and we shall consult. For so if time be long that with the proportion of more fully when in her hypnotic state.

28 October.—Telegram. Rufus Smith. matter when the sun set, since I am London, to Lord Godalming, care here with Madam to make report." London, to Lord Godaining,
H. B. M. Vice Consul, Varns.
"Carina Catherine reported entering Galatz at I o'clock today."

"Be Diagu.

"And I," said Mrs. Harker prigntly, and more like her old self than she ind been for many a long day, "shall try to be of use in all ways, and try to be of use in all ways.

28 October. When the telegram shall think and write for you as I used to do. Something is shifting from me in some strange way, and I I do not think it was such a shock to feel freer than I have been of late!" The three younger men looked happier at the moment as they seemed to realize the significance of or when, the bolt would come; her words, but Van Helsing and I. grave and troubled glance. We said nothing at the time, however. When the three men had gone ou

to their tasks Van Helsing asked Mrs. Harker to look up the copy of the diaries and find him the part of Harker's journal at the Castle. went away to get it: when the door was shut upon her he said to me:
"We mean the same! Speak out!" "There is some change. It is a nope that makes me sick, for it may leceive us"

"Quite so. Do you know why I asked her to get the manuscript?"
"No!" said I, "unless it was to get
an opportunity of seeing me alone." DRACULA TRANSPORTS SPIRIT

TO READ MINA'S MIND. "You are in part right, friend

the Count give her, and which he not take away altogether-though he think not so.

VAN HELSING REALIZES HOPE RESTS ON HIGH.

Hush! let me speak, and you shall not. This land is very different from in awful straits. I fear, as I never feared before. We can only trust the

I thought that the professor was pare. We must think. Now let us going to break down and have hyspare. We must think. Now let us terics, just as he had when Lucy died, organize. Tou, friend Arthur, go to but with a great effort he controlled the train and get the tickets and ar-inself and was at perfect nervous range that all be ready for us to poise when Mrs. Harker tipped into

What Is Your Idea of Making Good?

success in business—that and nothing more? If it dees, you are a failure-a failure, I tell you, even though you have accumulated a fortune and a large share of the world's respect.

Suppose you were spilled out of a boat, and with you went a little child who had a right to your protection. Suppose you managed to keep your own head above water and saved yourself while the child drowned-you wouldn't be very proud of your success in getting safely to land, would you? Have you ever thought of success that wayî

The self-made man is generally so absorbed in the "making process" while he is at it that he neglects to help others who are struggling even as he is. He pushes them down, he clambers over them; he glibly talks about the survival of the fittest, and puffs out his chest in appreciation of the fact that he

Don't Be Mercenary.

mplayer, who is twelve years my senier, seems to be in love with me. He has taken me sev-eral times to themree, etc., and finally last evening he declared

SURFLY you cannot expect me to

blooded mercenary marriage, Apart

from the fact that you and your em-ployer come from different walks of life and probably have very dif-ferent yiews and ideals, there is the

fact that you do not care very much for him and feel that he is madly

to marry him under those circumstances? Have you any chance of happiness if you marry one man, when all the while you are inclined to fancy yourself in love with another. Marriage without love is likely to be debasing and unhappy the concerned. Don't try

for everybody concerned. Don't try

mantically and sentimentally fancy

yourself enamoured of a boy whom you probably hardly know.

Sharing Your Mourning.

D is it right for my sweetheart to go to a theatre while I am in

mourning for my father. I guess your answer will be that I am selfish. But I tried to take it that way, but couldn't see it.

THERE is mourning and unhap-

piness in the world without any one of us demanding that any

other one of us share a period of

course, you are selfish selfish and exacting. And now that I have lec-

tured you I am going to confess

that when a man really loves a girl

ought to want to lighten any

eriod of gloom for her, instead of nerely going off to seek his own appiness. That's the ideal state

happiness. That's the ideal state of states—but most men are impa

tient of gloom and inclined to seek a good time for themselves. So try

be philosophical about the whole

retirement from the world.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX

On the other hand, don't ro

advise any girl to make a cold-

am a stenographer and my

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

proud of himself. Almost any clever, unprincipled man who is strong and pittiess and shrewd enough to keep within the law can get ahead in the world. The point is to get ahead in a worldly sense and still not let all the unworldly delicacy and beauty of life be a closed book to you.

We all have natural desires for fon and friends. But if we let business occupy us so completely that we have at first no time and at the last no inclination for pleasure, we are stealing one of the very real values of life from our own personal strong point. Dullness of mind, deadness of

spirit, self-centred narrowness of vision are not small prices to pay for success. There is real public spiritedness—there is actual inner joy from the doing of good deeds.

erange. They react almost as strongly on the man who practises them as on the object of his ministrations.

If your standard of values is that

a thing is fine because you paid a big price for it, your standard of values is all wrong. You can't buy sunsets or sunrises; no price will get for you a sunshiny day instead of a rainy one; money will not make you immune to disease germe or give you one extra inch of height. It will buy you imitations and substitutes for beauty and health, educate you to appreciate them and ward off ugliness and fil health. But if you have it not in your own soul to love beauty, to feel strongly, you miss absolutely priceless things.

Many a man who is intent on making good has a callous, irritable attitude toward the sufferings of the poor. First of all, he has the

ation and understanding are booms + tion that he is pushing them down. and then he cultivates an attitude that it is all right for him to have sions, since he is a superior

> In making good there are a number of dangers-blindness to the spiritual values of life, indifference to the rights of others, callousness to suffering, a sort of atrophy of the finer instincts and complete dying through disuse of the play-emotions When you dull your own sensibil-

erson and able to administer them

for the benefit of mankind.

fties by using them too much you lose the fine flavor of enjoyment. Forty days of sunshine on end, and sunshine doesn't seem half as giorious and glowing as it does when you see a rift of blue and a shaft of gold after a week of rain. If a man is warped, narrow, ill-

balanced, he is not really a success. It takes a rounded personality for a rich, full life. The man who had his eye on the goal of a \$20,000-ayear salary, and who has so missed

FAIRFAX

his nature and the fine humanness of relations with other people, is to my mind a fallure on almost every count, even when he gets the \$20,-000 a year which counts so much with him.

But the man who arrives at a far less lofty goal of cold, sheer earning capacity and who, nevertheless, achieves splendid human relationships, a screme soul, a power to enjoy and apprentate beauty, friendship and the respect of worthy people, has a much more rounded and complete success than the man who has nothing but money to show for his work and effort at making good.

In health, in the ability to understand and appreciate human emotions, in the power to enjoy fine things, in natural boylah humanness, in warmth and richness of feeling, in the power to give love and win it, and in the peace of seul that comes from squareness and hard work and fineness of vision, real success lies.

ANECDOTES OF

THE FAMOUS

"Examples of Herbert Spencer's

rritating foibles and extraordinary

pattiness are superfluous," mays Ed-

ward Clodd in "Memories," "but two

of them will bear the telling. I had

the opportunity of seeing in full

working order the ear-stoppers that

he used to wear. Probably some

frivalous remark of mine obtained

ms this privilege, for in the middle

of the meal Spencer, with a fixed

glance at me, pressed the spring

that closed the hole of each ear.

After luncheon my host and I sad

chatting in the garden, when there

us to take a drive with him in his

ame as invitation from Spencer

rubber-tired carriage, the message

adding 'that we were not to talk.'

"When we were returning from

Spander's funeral the late Shr

Michael Poster fold me the follow-

ing story. Spancer detected cust

ions, and the trouble was to find a

chair that was hard in the sent and

yet comfortable. So, as a last re-

source, he had a seat covered with

some inches of soft plaster of Paris,

and sitting on that made an im-

press from which a wooden seat

of an exactly fitting pattern was

"Against a certain undeniable

furniness there should be set the fact that Spencer had a soft place in a heart that seemed adamant, and I

know of apontaneous acts of kind-

ness and of offers of salp to the

"There has been an element of

chance in the bestowal of the epi-

that Great. Some of those who bear

it were second-rate men, and a good

many of those who have not received

it were first rate. Other courses,

writes Lord Bryce in the Fortnight-

ly Review, "besides striking gifts

and conspicuous achievements have

"The spithet has been given to

men of action rather than to men of thought . . . No Shakespears

or Newton, though every one would recognize that these have been

among the foremost men of the world, men whose influence upon it

of thought . . . No Shakespear or Dants, no Socrates, Bacon, Kar

come into the matter.

troubled and bereaved that redeem

ed much of what was conside

afterward cut for his comfort.

By BEATRICE

other time, Pa sed, wen I was up in the grate N. W. tarry-tory & we ate a horse while we was waiting for Spring to cum & open navvigashun. That horse tasted good, too, Pa sed. I gaiv meast of it to my frends beekaus I was the Well, well, sed Ma, if I had

knowed, how well you like horse stakes & horse roasts, sed Ma, f wud hafe been feeding it to you rite along so Bobbie & I cud have the lamb chops, etc., sed Ma.

I belseve I will start you rite off on horse meat, sed Ma, or maybe mule meat. I think mule meat wud be better for yure stubborn nater. Ma sed. Doant be surprised to-morrow morning, sed Ma, if you find sum minced mule all fried up in

calks for yure brekfast. Nothing wud surprise me these days, sed Ps. Things is happening so fast & furius now, Pa sed, that we must be prespared for any kind of a shock. I wish old Hank Spinks cud be livving now, sed Pa. He used to tell how we was all thru having wars & how wimmen wud gft old fashuned aggenn like his mother. Littel did old Hank Spinks dreem that wimmen wud be waltemg up to voating for the most popular gent

in town. The wimmen has surprised a lot of old Hanks & old cranks, sed htm. The wimmen has shown, Mad sed, that the White Lite of Haccon h shining fourth on the wurld in all its gloary, litting the way to a ; better & grater wurld, Ma sed.

Poor old Hank, that he dident live to see it, sed Ps. He sed good-bys to his friends Ps. sed, & to his wife who was washing the dishes, sed Pot Good-bye wife, sed old Hank, Goodbye Hank, sed his wife & she kep of washing dishes, sed Pa & thus Hank went, nevver drooming how wise men wud clime the hill of Grainness, sed Pa.

Well, sed Ma, that si neether here nor there. To-morrow we begin eating Goe Gees, sed Ms, & let mi heap that it agrees with you, doorcet, she sed to Pa, so you can have

beam yure munny & Chrismus presents to yure deer fambly, Wen I see you cumming heam, sed Ma, I will help you. I will only

Giddap, sed Ma.

Meteoric Stones. There has always been more of

less speculation as to the origin of the meteoria stotnes and irons that occasionally fall from the shot The density of these bodies and the great size of some of them are beld to constitute arguments in favor of the view that they must have been ejected from some massive body to space, such as the sen or a stanwith reference to the peculiar meteorites that fell some years ago at Brenham. Kansas, it may be inferred from their composition, one authorRy has suggested, from what part of the heavenly body that sjected them they came. The heavy metallic meteorites called siderites may plausibly be supposed to have come often from the desper parts of a star; the light stony ones, called aerolites, from the superficial layers; and the rare teorites, which are intermediate in composition, from the transiti sone between the outer crust and dense interior audiesa.

Do You Know That-

turned up, the fingers curied, and the index finger successively bending and straightening. They backon with the fingers puried downward, sweeping the whole hand sigorously back and forth.

The senstant motion of a wire rope involves heavy strains and internal friction, and requires that the wear should be equally distributed. Intelligent lubrication will areatly prolong the working life of a wire repe.

Russin's Cross of St. Andrew has a remarkable posultarity attaching to it. All who are decorated with it have the right to demand once a pardon for a Russian subject condamned to death.

An electric elevator hag been inalled in the stairway watch leads he cupola of St. Peter's Cathe-The elegator has a

is used to some extent as a food by the peasantry along the coast, also

Pisa is now lighted with astural gas, a large supply of good quality having been found some two miles from the town, The annual consumption of char-

coal in Sweden to estimated at about 700,000 toms. Potach has been found in Arisons

in a state of solution and is pumped eastly. The latest estimate of the length

of the world's railways is \$00,000

The Opium Habit.

There are three different forms of taking opium. Some people, for example the Turks, eat it; others. like the Chinese, smoke it, while the inhabitants of more civilized countries usually drink it as laudanum. The drug is obtained from the unripe fruit of the common white poppy. Incisions are made in the heads of this plant, from which the heads of this plant, from which is creamy juice exudes, hardening in its exposure to the air. This is craped off and made up into small akes, in which form it is sold. The pnfirmed oplum eater or smoker tuces nimeelf to an indescribably riched state of mina and body, very seldom lives to be forty very seldom lives to be forty a gracies has been acquired at period in life.

ADVICETOTHE . The Hidden Hand

LOVELORN By Arthur B. Reeve, By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 8. The Slide for Life.

Copyright, 1917, Star Co. ORIS cowered in the fiaming cellar as the long tengues of ecorching gas leaped from

his love for me and asked me to arry him. The trouble is this: He is rich and leves me; I am poor and leve another young man-two years older than I am very dearly. the wall at her on every side, always growing larger and threaten-ing to engulf her. who is also poor, and never has spoken to me about his inten-tions. Please advise one who is Quickly Ramsay, his feet locked anxiously waiting for your views on the matter.

in either side of the doorway, flung himself backward and down through the vent in the floor, extending his arms to Doris. She leaped for him and he caught her as she clung to him, now almost writhing from the blistering heat.

Cat-like, the devilleh Hidden Hand crept from the shelter of the rude staircase, still almost blinded from the blow that Ramsay had administered to him. Another moment and he would be upon flam-He drew a long r ferous dirk from his waist and erept forward, leering evilly as he thought of precipitating 'he two lovers headlong into the flery furnace below, closing the trap and leaving them to hurn to death.

But Ramsay was too quick for him Trained in athletica, every mus-ie was alive. In spite of the added weight of Doris, he raised himself suddenly, just as the Hidden Hand bent over him. With a final effort he flung Dorie gently to one side, interposing himself between her and the criminal, and in another instant he had raised himself to his feet and was confronting the murderer.

With a muttered imprecation of rage, however, the Hidden Hand ducked the blow and before Ransay. panting from the almost superhuman effort of the rescue of Dorla, could recover, the Hidden Hand had fied through a door, slamming it.

He burst into an inner rom, where Verda and some emissaries were waiting fearfully, having guessed from the sounds that the plot had miscargied and that Doris and Ram-

say were safe. There was not even his anger on the emissaries. was done must be done quickly, "Quick!" cried Ramsay, as the Hidden Hand fied, "there are too many for us-this is our chance to In a moment he and Doris were pounding down the door into the street and escaping.

A Warning.

"You must not be seen here," muttered the Hidden Hand to Verda. "They will suspect that the kidnapping was a frame-up. Fake an escape through that window."

Verda looked at the window. It was several feet from the ground, and she hesitated to jump out. The Hidden Hand had no such

scruples, however. Without a word he selved Verda, who struggled genutuely this time, bore her to the window and actually flung her out. careful to let her land on her feet, which she did with a felt, though fortunately without being burt. "There's Verda," cried Doris,

"She fought away from them and Verda caught the cue. In another moment, breathless, she was with them with a weird tale of danger.

eatching a gilmose from the outside.

Ramsay looked about. What was be to do with the two girls if the gang attacked again? Just about the corner of the house he saw a limousine. Whose it was he did not know, nor did he care. In another moment he had hustled Dorls and Verda into it, directing Doris to cover the driver with the gun, as he ordered him to drive off.

It was, as a matter of fact, the limousine of the Hidden Hand and the driver was an emissary. Ramsay stood on the running board as the driver sullenly started slowly. The delay was just enough to give ing with one hand, Ramsey managed to brush him off as another

mme on. Back of the car, however, a third had leaped for the spare tire rack and gained it, climbing over the roof. As he raised a blackjack over Ramsay's head Ramsay managed to throw the other fellow off the cunning board and turn just in time

A Story Alive With Romance and Mystery

te grip the upraised arm, bend it in his powerful grasp and fling the fellow far out into the road. In an attie of a poorly furnished house in a section of the city is which he would be unlikely to attract attention, the Hidden Hand sat busily engaged that night, his only company an owl in the rafters from time to time hooting weirdly.

A New Scheme.

Patiently the Hidden Hand worked, and as the owl booted the very uncanniness of the bird seemed to coincide with his crafty humor. On the table before him were drawing materials and now, as he finished with them, he bent over a plece of paper, writing.

No sooner had he finished than he called an emiseary, who entered, bowing and cringing before him. "Here is a letter," began the Hid-

den Hand, displaying it: "June 12, 1915. "Judson Whitney: "Your will is drawn up and is ready for your signature at my hunting lodge, Eagle's Nest, in the

Adirondacks. "Yours truly JONAS TRASK.

"Attorney. "And here." added the Hidden Hand, taking what he had drawn, "is a plan I have made of a secret drawer in the writing deak in the Whitney library. I want the letter placed in the secret drawer and this plan left where someone will find It. must get Doris away from New York. Pehaps I'll have better suc

tell her if she fails this time I will not spare Rameay." The emissary bowed low and backed out. A mement later he was on his way to the Whitney

Meanwhile, Rammay, Doris and Verds had returned from the den and Ramsay was waiting in the library for Deris to come downstairs. Verda, at the curtained door aught sight of him alone, sitting on the couch. She glanced about Doris was nowhere to be seen Quickly she entered to take advan tage of this rare chance to speak alone with the man whom she

'Let me pin this flower on your she said preftily, as she sut beside him.

To He Continued To-morrow.